

The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my study be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon hast the ods of me therefore no more.

(*me.*)

Tamora. If thou didst knowe me thou wouldst talke with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wi nes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenchers made by grieve and care,
Witnes the tiring day and heauy night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresee, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

of Titus Andronicus.

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.

Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou lent to me,
To be a torment to thine enemies.

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresee Sonnes they are,
And you the Empresee, but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

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Oh